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Translation Publishing Co., Inc.

76 Fifth Avenue

New York City

The Students' Literal Translations

L'ARRABBIATA

BY

PAUL JOHANN LUDWIG HEYSE

Literally Translated

by

Vivian Elsie Lyon



TRANSLATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC.

76 Fifth Avenue

New York City

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L'ARRABBIATA

INTRODUCTION

PAUL HEYSE, the son and grandson of the two great grammarians Heyse, was born in Berlin March 15, 1830. His education culminated in the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, received at Bonn in 1852, after which he devoted himself to travel and literature. At the invitation of King Maximilian II of Bavaria, who granted him a pension, he settled in Munich in 1854. He has come to be considered one of the foremost German authors, and ranks supreme as a writer of novelettes (*Novellen*). His masterpieces in this department of literature have been published in more than twenty collections, and have won great popularity.

The most noted of these is "L'Arrabbiata," although it was written when he was but twenty-three years of age. He was in Sorrento at that time, spending the winter, and has woven much of the charm of that quaint city into this little novel. The young poet, Scheffel, was also sojourn-

ing there, and one day the two made an agreement that each should read to the other his newest work. Heyse's offering was "L'ARRABBIATA." It chanced that the girl whom he had chosen as the type of Laurella appeared on the scene during the reading, and this interesting incident is mentioned in some of Heyse's later verses, which are addressed to Scheffel.

Among the very best of Heyse's *Novellen* are several which have Italian settings, reminiscences of his southern travels and his love for southern conditions of life. His personal observations of that sunny land are contained in "AM TIBERUFER," "DIE EINSAMEN," "DIE STICKERIN VON TREVISO," and "DAS MÄDCHEN VON TREPPI," and Italian scenery and customs are accurately described.

"L'ARRABBIATA," however, has always been considered the most attractive. In it are portrayed the homely fisherfolk of Sorrento; the cultured, wise little priest cheerfully and preferably giving of his talents to his simple parishioners, though sought after by the "great people"; the loyal and industrious, but jealous Tonino, who is so satisfactorily rewarded in the end for his faithfulness; and, most important of all, the complex character of the "Spitfire" maiden, who develops into a

loving, lovely woman. Through the medium of Heyse's genius we meet and know these honest souls, and learn to number them among our friends.

The present translation is an endeavor to give to those who are denied the pleasure of reading it in the original the opportunity of enjoying this little tale, with its glimpses of the every-day life of the peasants around the Bay of Naples. In order to preserve the distinctly Italian atmosphere which Heyse infused into his story, many Italian words have been retained. It is also hoped that this version may be of some use to the student in changing the German into correct, readable English, without departing from accuracy. True translation is not unswerving literalness, but an effort has been made to keep as closely to the German text as was consistent with the English idiom.

LIST OF ITALIAN WORDS RETAINED IN THE
TRANSLATION

Marina—landing.

Signor—gentleman.

Signora—lady.

Padre—father.

Curato—curate.

L'Arrabbiata—Crosspatch or Spitfire.

Padrone—owner, master.

Carlino—8½ cents. A Neapolitan coin.

Barca—boat.

Miglien—miles.

Commare—godmother.

Comparello—godson.

Adio—farewell, goodbye.

Piastre—about 80 cents, a silver coin.

Jesus Christus—Jesus Christ.

Maria Santissima—Most Blessed Virgin.

Vigna—vineyard.

L'ARRABBIATA

THE sun had not yet risen. Over Vesuvius floated a broad strip of gray mist, which stretched over towards Naples and darkened the little cities on the coast. The sea was calm. Along the marina, which is built in a narrow bay beneath the high cliffs of Sorrento, fishermen with their wives were already astir, drawing to shore by great ropes boats with the nets which had lain outside over night for the fishing. Others were rigging their crafts, trimming the sails and dragging out oars and yards from the large, grated vaults, which, built deep into the rocks, shelter the tackle at night. No one was seen idling; for even the old people, who no longer made any voyages, joined in the long chain of those who were hauling in the nets, and here and there on one of the flat roofs stood a little old woman with her spindle, or busied herself with her grandchildren, while her daughter was helping her husband.

“See, Rachela? There is our Padre Curato,” said one old dame to a little

thing about ten years old, who was whirling her small distaff beside her. "He is just getting into the boat. Antonino is to take him across to Capri. Maria Santissima! How drowsy the Reverend Signor does look!"

With that, she waved her hand to a small, friendly priest who was just settling himself in the boat below, after having carefully lifted his black gown and spread it over the wooden seat. The others along the shore stopped their work in order to see their pastor embark, friendlily nodding and bowing right and left.

"Why does he have to go to Capri, grandmother?" asked the child. "Haven't the people over there any priest, that they must borrow ours?"

"Don't be so silly," said the old woman. "They have plenty there and the most beautiful churches and even a hermit, which we do not have. But there is a grand Signora there, who lived here in Sorrento for a long time, and was very sick, so that the Padre often had to go to her with the host, when they thought she wouldn't live through another night. But the Blessed Virgin helped her, so that she grew well and strong again, and could bathe every day in the sea. When she went away from here, over to Capri, she

sent a beautiful pile of ducats to the church and to the poor folks, and would not leave, they say, until the Padre had promised to visit her over there, so that she might confess to him, for it is astonishing how much she thinks of him. And we can consider ourselves blessed in having a pastor who has the gifts of an archbishop and whom the great people seek after. The Madonna be with him!"

And thereupon she waved down at the little boat, which was starting to push off.

"Will we have clear weather, my son?" asked the little priest, looking doubtfully in the direction of Naples.

"The sun isn't out yet," returned the young man. "It will soon get rid of that little bit of fog."

"Then off with you, that we may arrive before the heat of the day."

Antonino was reaching for the long oars in order to drive the bark into the open water, when he suddenly paused and looked up to the summit of the steep path which leads from the little city of Sorrento to the marina. The slender form of a maiden was visible up there, walking hastily over the stones and waving her kerchief. She carried a small bundle under her arm and her attire was quite poor; yet she had an almost distinguished, though rather wild

way, of throwing back her head, and the black braids which she wore wound around her brow became her like a diadem.

"What are we waiting for?" inquired the priest.

"Some one is coming towards the boat, who probably wishes to go to Capri, too. If you will permit, Padre—we'll go no slower on that account, for she is only a young thing, scarcely eighteen years old."

At this moment the girl emerged from behind the wall which enclosed the winding road.

"Laurella?" said the priest. "What has she to do in Capri?"

Antonino shrugged his shoulders.

The girl advanced with hurried steps, looking straight before her.

"Good day, l'Arrabbiata," cried several of the young boatmen. They would have said still more had not the Curato's presence kept them at a distance; for the silent, haughty manner in which the maiden received their greeting seemed to exasperate the impudent fellows.

"Good day, Laurella," the priest now called also. "How are you? Do you want to go to Capri with us?"

"If it is permitted, Padre."

"Ask Antonino, he is the padrone of the

boat. Everybody is lord over his own property and God is Lord over us all."

"Here is half a carlino," said Laurella, without glancing at the young boatman. "If I may go for that."

"You can use it better than I can," muttered the young man, shoving aside several baskets of oranges to make room. He was going to sell them in Capri, for that rocky island does not produce enough to meet the demand of its many visitors.

"I will not go, otherwise," replied the girl, knitting her black brows.

"Come, come, child," said the priest. "He is an honest lad and does not wish to get rich off your little mite. There, step in—" and he extended his hand to her—"and sit down here beside me. See, he has laid down his jacket for you, so that you may sit more comfortably. He has not done that much for me. But young folks,—it is ever thus. More pains are taken for one little lady than for ten ecclesiastics. Now, now, you do not need to excuse yourself, Tonino. It is the will of our Lord that like should hold to like."

Meanwhile Laurella had gotten in and seated herself, after pushing the jacket to one side without saying a word. The young sailor let it lie, murmuring something between his teeth. Then he pushed

hard against the quay and the little boat flew out into the gulf.

"What have you there in your bundle?" asked the priest, as they now glided over the sea, which was being lighted up by the first rays of the sun.

"Silk, yarn and a piece of bread, Padre. I am to sell the silk to a lady in Capri who makes ribbons, and the yarn to another."

"Did you spin it yourself?"

"Yes, sir."

"If I remember correctly, you have learned to make ribbons, yourself?"

"Yes, sir. But my mother is growing worse all the time, so that I cannot leave the house and we cannot buy a loom of our own."

"Growing worse! Oh, oh! When I was at your house at Easter, she was sitting up."

"Spring is always the hardest time for her. Since we had the big storms and the earthquakes, she has been obliged to stay in bed all the time, on account of the pain."

"Do not cease your prayers and petitions that the Blessed Virgin intercede for you, my child. And be good and industrious so that your prayers may be granted."

After a pause—"As you were coming

to the beach, they called out to you, 'Good day, l'Arrabbiata.' Why do they call you that? It is not a pretty name for a Christian girl who should be gentle and humble."

The girl's entire brown face reddened and her eyes flashed. "They make fun of me because I do not dance and sing and chatter like the others. They ought to let me alone. I do nothing to them."

"But you could be friendly to everybody. Others, whose lives are easier, may dance and sing; but to give a kind word is fitting, even for those who are troubled."

She looked down and drew her brows together more closely, as if she wished to hide her black eyes underneath them. For a while they went along in silence. The sun, resplendent, had now risen over the mountains, the summit of Vesuvius towered above the bank of clouds which surrounded its base, and the houses on the plain of Sorrento gleamed white from among the green orange groves.

"Has that painter, that Neapolitan who wanted you for his wife, ever been heard from again?" asked the priest.

She shook her head.

"He came at that time to make a picture of you. Why didn't you let him?"

"Well, what did he want it for? There

are others more beautiful than I, and then—who knows what he would have done with it? He might have been able to bewitch me with it and ruin my soul, or even destroy me, my mother said.”

“Do not believe such sinful things,” said the priest, earnestly. “Are you not always in God’s hands, without Whose will not a hair falls from your head? And would a mortal with such a picture in his hand be mightier than the Lord God? Besides, you could easily see that he wished you well. Would he have wanted to marry you, otherwise?”

She was silent.

“And why did you refuse him? He was said to be a fine man, and very comely, and would have been able to support you and your mother better than you can, with your bit of spinning and silk winding.”

“We are poor people,” she said vehemently, “and my mother has been sick for ever so long a time. We should have been only a burden on him, and I am not fit for a Signor, either. Whenever his friends would come to see him, he would have been ashamed of me.”

“What are you talking about! I tell you, he was a good man and, moreover, he wished to settle in Sorrento. Such another

one, sent as if straight from heaven to assist you, will not come again soon."

"I don't want any husband at all, ever!" she said very defiantly and half to herself.

"Have you taken a vow, or do you wish to enter a cloister?"

She shook her head.

"The people are right who reproach you with your stubbornness, even if that nickname is not a lovely one. Didn't you ever consider that you are not alone in the world, and that through this perverseness you make the life and illness of your poor mother all the more bitter? What sort of reasons can you have for rejecting every honorable hand that wishes to help you and your mother? Answer me, Laurella!"

"I certainly have a reason," she said softly and reluctantly, "but I cannot tell it."

"Not tell it? Not even to me? Not to your father confessor, whom you have always trusted to have your welfare at heart? Or haven't you?"

She nodded.

"Then unburden your heart, child. If you are right, then I shall be the first to acknowledge it. But you are young and know the world very little, and sometime later you might regret having forfeited

your good fortune, on account of childish ideas."

She threw a fleeting, shy glance over towards the young man, who had pulled his woolen cap far down over his forehead, and sat in the stern of the boat, rowing steadily. He was staring into the sea at one side of the boat and seemed to be engrossed in his own thoughts. The priest noticed her look, and inclined his ear closer to her.

"You did not know my father," she whispered, and her eyes became gloomy.

"Your father? Why, he died, I think, when you were scarcely ten years old. What has your father—may his soul rest in Paradise—to do with your willfulness?"

"You did not know him, Padre. You do not know that he alone is to blame for my mother's sickness."

"How is that?"

"Because he mistreated her and beat her and trampled her with his feet. I still remember the nights when he used to come home, in a frenzy. She never said a word to him and did everything that he wanted her to. He, however, kept beating her so that my heart almost broke. I used to pull the coverlet over my head and pretend that I was asleep, but I would cry the night through. And then when he saw

her lying on the ground, he would change suddenly and raise her up and kiss her until she cried out that he would smother her. My mother has forbidden me to ever say a word about it; but it injured her so that she has never been well all the long years that he has been dead; and if she should die soon, which Heaven forbid, I would know well who had killed her."

The little priest shook his head and seemed undecided how far he should agree with his penitent. At last he said:

"Forgive him as your mother has forgiven him. Do not fix your thoughts on those sad scenes, Laurella. There are better times coming for you which will make you forget all this."

"I shall never forget it," she said, and shuddered. "And that, Padre, you must know, is why I intend to remain a virgin, so as not to be subject to any one who could misuse me and then caress me. Now, if any one wishes to beat me or kiss me, I know how to protect myself; but my mother was unable to defend herself, either against the blows or against the kisses, because—she loved him. And I will not love any one so much that I would become sick and miserable through him."

"Are you not a child and speaking like a child, who knows nothing of what hap-

pens on the earth? Are all men, then, like your poor father, yielding to every whim and passion, and ill-treating their wives? Have you not seen enough good men in the whole neighborhood, and women who live in peace and harmony with their husbands?"

"No one knew how my father treated my mother, either, for she would have died a thousand times rather than have told any one or complained; and all that because she loved him. If love is like that—closing one's lips, when one should scream for help, and making one defenseless against more cruelty than the arch enemy could inflict on one, then I will not set my heart on any man."

"I tell you that you are a child and do not know what you are saying. Your heart will not consult you very much as to whether you wish to love or not, when its time comes. All this that you have in your head now will not avail at all."

Again, after a pause:—"And this painter—did you believe him to be capable of mistreating you?"

"He made eyes, such as I have seen my father make, when he was excusing himself to my mother, and wished to take her in his arms, in order to give her kind words again. I know those eyes. Even one who

has it in his heart to beat his wife, though she has never done him any harm whatever, can look that way. I was horrified when I saw those eyes again."

After that, she was persistently mute. Even the priest did not speak. To be sure, he bethought himself of many wise sayings which he could have quoted for the girl's benefit, but the presence of the young sailor, who had become more restless towards the end of the confession, closed his lips.

When they arrived in the tiny harbor of Capri after a two hours' trip, Antonino carried the Reverend Signor from the boat over the last shallow waves, and respectfully set him down. Laurella, however, was not willing to wait till he had waded back to bring her afterwards. She gathered up her petticoat, took her little wooden shoes in her right hand, her bundle in her left, and splashed nimbly to shore.

"I shall remain in Capri a long time to-day," said the Padre, "and you do not need to wait for me. Perhaps I shall not go home until to-morrow. And you, Laurella, when you reach home, greet your mother for me. I shall visit you this week. You are returning before night, of course?"

"If there is an opportunity," said the girl, busying herself with her dress.

"You know that I have to go back, too." Antonino spoke, as he thought, in a very indifferent tone. "I'll wait for you till the Angelus. If you do not come by that time, it will be all the same to me."

"You must come, Laurella" interrupted the little priest. "You must not leave your mother alone a single night. Is it far where you have to go?"

"To a vigna, in Anacapri."

"And I to Capri. God keep you, child, and you, my son."

Laurella kissed his hand, uttered a farewell, which the Padre and Antonino might divide between them. Nevertheless, Antonino did not appropriate it to himself. He lifted his cap to the Padre, and did not look at Laurella. When they had both turned their backs on him, however, his eyes followed the cleric, painstakingly picking his way over the loose gravel, only a short time, and then they shifted to the girl, who, holding her hand over her eyes as a protection against the blazing sun, had turned up the incline to the right. Before the road disappeared between the walls up there, she stood still a moment, as if to get her breath, and looked around. The marina lay at her feet, about her towered the rugged cliffs, the deep blue sea was shining in rare splendor—it was a spectacle

well worth stopping for. Chance had it that her glance, passing over Antonino's boat, encountered that glance which he had sent after her. They both made a motion, as people do, who wish to excuse themselves—it had happened only inadvertently—whereupon the maiden continued her way.

It was only an hour past noon, and Antonino had already been sitting on a bench before the fishermen's tavern for two hours. Something must have been on his mind, for every five minutes he sprang up, strode out into the sunshine and carefully scrutinized the roads which led, right and left, towards the two island cities. The weather seemed dubious to him, he told the hostess of the inn. It might be clear now, but he knew those tints of the heaven and sea. Just so it had looked before the last great storm, when he had had such difficulty in bringing the English family to land. She would remember.

"No," said the woman.

Well, she should think of him, if it changed before night.

"Are many of the aristocracy over there?" asked the landlady after a while.

"They are just beginning to come. Up until now we've had a bad time. Those

who come on account of the baths were late in arriving."

"Spring came late. Have you earned more than we here in Capri?"

"It would not have been sufficient to give me macaroni twice a week, if I had depended solely on my boat. Now and then I had a letter to bring to Naples, or I rowed a Signor, wishing to fish, out to sea—that was all. But you know that my uncle owns large orange groves, and is a rich man. 'Tonino,' he says, 'as long as I live you shall not suffer want, and even after that you shall be cared for.' So, with God's help, I have withstood the winter."

"Has he children, your uncle?"

"No, he was never married, and was out of the country for a long time, where he gathered in many a good piastre. Now, he is planning to establish a large fishery, and wishes to put me over the whole concern, so that I shall be superintendent."

"Then you are a made man, Antonino."

The young seaman shrugged his shoulders.

"Every one has his burden to carry," he said.

With that he sprang up and again stud-

ied the weather, left and right, although he must have known that there is only one weather side.

"I'll bring you another bottle. Your uncle can pay for it," said the landlady.

"Only a glass, for you have a fiery sort of wine. My head is hot already."

"It does not get into your blood. You can drink as much as you wish. There comes my husband, with whom you must sit and talk awhile."

In truth, the fine-looking padrone of the tavern was coming down from the heights, with his net hung over his shoulders and a red cap on his curly hair. He had taken to the city fish, which the noble Signora had ordered to set before the little priest from Sorrento. As he caught sight of the young boatman he waved a cordial welcome to him, then sat down beside him on the bench and began to chat and ask questions. His wife was just bringing a second bottle of the genuine, unadulterated Capri, when the sand on the left bank crunched and Laurella came from that way on the Anacapri road. She greeted them hastily with a nod and stopped uncertainly.

Antonino sprang up.

"I must go," he said. "It is a girl from

Sorrento, who came over early to-day with the Signor Curato and wishes to get back to her sick mother before night."

"Now, now, it is a long time before night," said the fisherman. "She will have time yet to drink a glass of wine. Hola, wife, bring another glass!"

"Thanks, I do not drink," said Laurella, remaining at some distance.

"Pour it out, wife, pour it out! She needs a little urging."

"Let her alone," said the young fellow. "She is headstrong. Not even a saint could persuade her to do what she does not wish to." And with these words he hurriedly bade them farewell, ran down towards the boat, loosened the rope, and stood awaiting the girl. She bowed once more to the proprietors of the hostelry, and then went with lingering steps towards the boat. First, she looked around in all directions, as if she was expecting that some other company would arrive. However, the marina was empty. The fishermen were asleep or out on the sea with rods and nets. A few women and children sat in their doorways, spinning or sleeping, and the strangers, who had crossed over in the morning, were waiting for the cooler time of day for their return trip. She did not have time to look around so very

long, for before she could prevent it Antonino had taken her in his arms and carried her like a child to the boat. Then he leaped in after her, and with a few strokes of the oars they were out in the open sea.

She had seated herself in the bow of the boat and had half turned her back to him, so that he could see only her profile. Her features were now more serious than usual. Her hair hung down far over her low forehead, an obstinate expression quivered around her delicate nostrils, her full mouth was tightly closed. After they had glided along over the sea, thus silent, for some time, she felt the scorching of the sun and, taking the bread from her kerchief, she wound the latter over her braids. Then she began to eat the bread for her dinner, for she had taken no refreshment at Capri.

Antonino did not stay by in silence long. From one of the baskets, which had been filled with oranges in the morning, he pulled out two, and said:

"There you have something to go with your bread, Laurella. Don't think that I saved them out for you. They rolled out of the basket into the boat and I found them when I set the empty baskets back in the barca."

"Eat them yourself. I have enough with my bread."

"They are refreshing in the heat and you have come a long way."

"They gave me a glass of water up there, which has refreshed me."

"As you will," he said, and dropped them again into the basket.

More silence.

The sea was mirror-like, and scarcely purled around the keel. Even the white seabirds, which nest in the hollows in the bluffs, darted soundlessly on their prey.

"You could take the two oranges to your mother," Antonino began again.

"We have some left at home, and when they are gone I'll go and buy more."

"Just take them to her, with my compliments."

"She doesn't know you."

"You could tell her who I am."

"I don't know you, either."

It was not the first time that she had ever denied him in this way. A year before, when the painter had just come to Sorrento, it happened one Sunday that Antonino, with other young fellows of the place, was playing Boccia on an open square beside the main street. There, for the first time, the artist met Laurella, who, carrying a water jug on her head, walked

past without noticing him. The Neapolitan, struck by the sight, stood looking after her, although he was in the middle of the game course, and with two steps could have cleared it. A ball, thrown with full force against his ankle, reminded him that this was not the place to lose himself in a revery. He looked around as if he expected an apology. The young sailor who had thrown it was standing, silent and haughty, among his friends, so that the stranger deemed it advisable to leave and avoid any altercation. Yet there had been talk about the encounter, and still more talk, when the painter began openly to woo Laurella.

“I do not know him,” the latter said disdainfully, when the artist asked her whether she was rejecting him on account of that rude fellow; and yet that gossip had reached even her ears. None the less, whenever Antonino had met her since then she had recognized him.

Now they were sitting in the boat like the bitterest enemies, and the hearts of both were beating violently. Antonino's usually good-natured countenance had flushed scarlet. He struck the waves with the oars, so that the foam bespattered him, and his lips moved at times as if he were speaking angry words. She pretended not

to notice it, and, assuming her most unconcerned expression, bent over the boat's edge and let the water slip through her fingers. Then she untied her kerchief and arranged her hair as if she were entirely alone in the boat; but her eyebrows were still contracted, and she held her wet hands against her burning cheeks in a vain endeavor to cool them. Now they were in the midst of the sea and there was not a sail visible, near or far. The island had been left behind, the coast lay distant in the hazy sunlight, not even a seagull flew through the profound solitude. Antonino gazed around. An idea seemed to strike him. The color disappeared suddenly from his cheeks and he let the oars float. Involuntarily Laurella looked around at him, in suspense, but fearless.

"I must end this," the young man broke out. "It has already lasted too long for me, and I almost wonder that I have not gone to destruction over it. You do not know me, you say? Have you not seen me often enough as I passed by you like a madman, with my whole heart bursting with what I had to say to you? Then you would curl your lip and turn your back on me."

"What did I have to talk about with you?" she said curtly. "I have seen, of

course, that you wished to make love to me. However, I would not become common talk all over nothing, and less than nothing; for take you for a husband, I will not, neither you nor any other."

"Nor any other? You will not always say that. Because you sent away the painter? Pah! You were still a child then. Sometime you will become lonely and then, wild as you are, you will take the first comer."

"No one knows his future. It may be that I shall change my mind. How does that concern you?"

"How does that concern me?" he blazed, and sprang up from his seat, so that the little boat rocked. "How does it concern me? And can you still ask that, when you know how it is with me? May he perish miserably whom you may ever prefer to me!"

"Have I ever promised myself to you? Is it my fault if your head is insane? What sort of a right have you to me?"

"Oh," he cried out, "to be sure, it doesn't stand written. No lawyer has put it down in Latin and sealed it; but I know this much—that I have as much right to you as I have to go to Heaven if I have been a good man. Do you think I will stand by in silence if you go to the Church

with another, and the girls pass by me, shrugging their shoulders? Am I to put up with such an affront?"

"Do what you will. I won't be intimidated, no matter how much you threaten. I, also, will do what I please."

"You will not speak in this way long," he said, his whole body shaking with rage. "I am man enough not to let my life be spoiled longer by a stubborn thing like you. Do you know that you are in my power here, and must do whatever I wish?"

She shivered slightly, but looked at him with flashing eyes.

"Kill me, if you dare," she said slowly.

"One must not do things by halves," he said, and his voice rang out hoarsely. "There is room for us both in the sea. I cannot help you, child—" he spoke almost pityingly, as out of a dream—"but we must go down there, both of us, and at once, and *now!*" he shrieked, suddenly grasping her by both arms; but the same instant he snatched his right hand back, the blood gushed out, she had bitten him fiercely.

"Must I do whatever you wish?" she cried out, pushing him from her with a quick movement. "Let us see whether I am in your power!" With that she sprang

overboard and disappeared for a moment in the deep.

She came up immediately. Her skirt clung to her tightly, her hair was loosened by the waves and hung heavily around her neck. She struck out vigorously with her arms, and skilfully swam away from the barca towards the shore without uttering a sound. The sudden fright seemed to have paralyzed his senses. He stood in the boat, leaning forward and staring as if a miracle were taking place before his eyes. Then he shook himself, pounced upon the oars, and rowed after her with all the strength at his command, while the bottom of his boat became red from the everflowing blood.

Rapidly as she was swimming, he was at her side in a moment, "Maria Santissima!" he called, "Come into the boat! I was a madman! God knows what befogged my brain! Like a bolt from Heaven something flashed through my mind and it set me all on fire and I did not know what I was doing or saying. You are not asked to forgive me, Laurella, only get in again and save your life."

She continued swimming as if she had heard nothing.

"You cannot reach land, it is still two miglien. Think of your mother! If you

should meet with an accident,* she would die of terror!"

She measured the distance from the coast at a glance. Then, without answering, she swam to the barca and grasped the edge with her hands. He stood up to help her, and his jacket, which he had laid on the seat, slid into the sea as the boat tilted to one side with the girl's weight. She sprang in agilely, and climbed to her former place. When he saw that she was safe, he again seized the oars. She, however, wrung out her dripping skirts and squeezed the water from her braids. In so doing, she looked down at the bottom of the boat, and noticed the blood. She cast a hasty glance towards the hand which was holding the oar, as if it were unhurt.

"Here," she said, extending him her kerchief.

He shook his head and rowed on. Finally she stood up, stepped up to him, and bound the kerchief firmly about the deep wound. Then she took the one oar from him, hard as he tried to prevent it, and seated herself opposite him, yet without looking at him, fixing her eyes on the oar,

* Some editions have *ich*, and some *sie*. I have chosen *sie*, as being more appropriate to the context.

which was reddened with blood, and propelling the barca with vigorous strokes. They were both pale and still. As they came nearer land they met fishermen, who were starting out to place their nets for the night. They shouted after Antonio, and teased Laurella. Neither looked up, nor answered a word.

The sun was still rather high over Procida when they arrived at the marina. Laurella shook out her skirt, which had almost entirely dried during the passage across, and jumped ashore. The old spinning woman, who had watched them depart in the morning, was again standing on the roof.

"What is the matter with your hand, 'Tonino?" she called down, "Jesus Christus, the barca is fairly swimming in blood!"

"It is nothing, commare," returned the youth. "I tore it on a nail which stuck out too far. It will be all right to-morrow. My confounded blood is always so ready to flow that it seems more dangerous than it really is."

"I will come down and put herbs on you, comparello. Wait, I'll be right down."

"Don't trouble yourself, commare. It is all over now, and to-morrow it will be

forgotten. I have a healthy skin, which grows together over every wound."

"Addio," said Laurella, and turned into the path which leads upward.

"Good night," called the young man to her, without looking at her. Then he carried his tackle, and the baskets besides, from the boat and ascended the small stone steps to his cabin.

There was no one except himself in the two rooms through which he now paced, hither and yon. The breeze blew in at the little open windows, covered only by wooden shutters, somewhat more refreshingly than on the quiet sea, and in the solitude it was pleasing to him. He stood a long time before the small picture of the Mother of God and gazed musingly at the silver paper halo pasted on it; yet it did not occur to him to pray. For what should he ask, when he no longer had any hope?

Time seemed to stand still to-day. He longed for darkness, for he was weary, and the loss of blood had affected him more than he would admit. He felt intense pain in his hand, and, sitting down upon a footstool, he loosened the bandage. The repressed blood gushed forth again and the hand was badly swollen around the wound. He washed it carefully and cooled it for

a long time. When he drew it out of the water he could distinguish plainly the imprint of Laurella's teeth.

"She was right," he said. "I was a brute and deserve no better. I will return her kerchief to-morrow by Giuseppe, for she shall never see me again."

He now washed the kerchief with care and spread it out in the sun, after he had bound up his wound again as well as he could with his left hand and his teeth. Then he threw himself on his bed and closed his eyes.

The bright moonlight, together with the pain in his hand, wakened him out of a light sleep. He had just arisen in order to quiet the throbbing of the blood, with water, when he heard a rustle at his door.

"Who is there?" he called, and opened it.

Laurella stood before him.

She entered without ado. She threw off the kerchief which she had twisted around her head and placed a small basket on the table. Then she drew a deep breath.

"You have come to get your kerchief," he said. "You might have spared yourself the trouble, for early in the morning I would have asked Giuseppe to bring it to you."

"It isn't for the kerchief," she rejoined

quickly. "I have been up on the mountains to get herbs for you, to stop the bleeding. There!" and she raised the cover from the little basket.

"Too much trouble," he said without any bitterness, "too much trouble. It is getting better; and if it were worse, it would serve me right. What do you want here at this hour? If any one should find you here! You know how they gossip, although they do not know what they are talking about."

"I bother myself about no one," she said hotly. "But I *will* see your hand and put herbs on it, for you cannot do it with just your left one."

"I tell you it is unnecessary."

"Then let me see it, so that I may believe it."

Without ceremony she seized the hand which was helpless, and unbound the linen. When she saw the excessive swelling she started and cried out, "Jesus Maria!"

"It has puffed up a little bit," he said. "That will pass away in a day and a night."

She shook her head.

"You cannot go to sea for a week in this condition."

"I think day after to-morrow, at least. What does it matter, anyway?"

Meanwhile, she had fetched a basin and had bathed the wound afresh, and he allowed it like a child. Then she laid the healing herb leaves on it, relieving the burning immediately, and bandaged his hand with strips of linen which she had also brought with her. When it was finished, he said, "I thank you; and listen—if you wish to do me still another favor, forgive me for letting such madness come over me to-day and forget everything that I said and did. I myself do not know how it came about. You have never given me any cause for it, certainly you never have, and you shall hear nothing from me again that could hurt you."

"It is I who should apologize," she interrupted. "I ought to have explained everything to you differently, and better, and not have provoked you with my sullen ways. And now—this wound——"

"It was self-defense, and high time that I became master of my reason once more. And, as I said, it is of no importance. Do not speak of forgiveness. You have done me a service and I thank you for it, and now go home to bed, and there—there is also your kerchief, so you can take it with you."

He handed it to her, but she continued

to stand there and seemed to be fighting with herself. Finally she said:

"You lost your jacket on my account and I know the money for the oranges was in it. This didn't occur to me until on the way home. I cannot replace it for you, for we haven't it, and if we did it would belong to my mother. But here I have the silver cross which the painter laid on the table for me when he was at our house the last time. I have not looked at it since then and do not care to keep it in the box any longer. If you will sell it—it is well worth a couple of piastres, my mother said at the time—it might repay your loss, and whatever should be lacking I will try to earn by spinning nights when my mother is sleeping."

"I will take nothing," he said shortly, and pushed back the bright little cross which she had taken out of her pocket.

"You must take it," she said. "Who knows how long it will be before you can earn anything with this hand? There it lies, and I wish never to set eyes upon it again."

"Then throw it into the sea."

"It is not a gift that I am making to you. It is nothing more than your good right and what is due you."

"Right? I have no right to anything

whatever from you. If, some time later, you should meet me, do me the favor of not looking at me, so that I shall not think that you remember what I owe *you*. And now good-night, and let it be the last."

He laid her kerchief in the basket and the cross with it and fastened down the cover. When he looked up into her face, he was startled. Great, heavy tears were rolling down her cheeks. She let them take their course.

"Maria Santissima!" he cried. "Are you sick? You are trembling from head to foot."

"It is nothing," she said. "I'll go home," and she moved unsteadily towards the door. Her weeping overpowered her there, so that she pressed her forehead against the jamb and sobbed aloud, convulsively; but before he could go to her to restrain her, she turned around suddenly and flung her arms around his neck.

"I cannot bear it!" she cried, pressing him to her as a dying man clings to life. "I cannot listen to the kind words you are giving me, nor hear you bidding me to go from you with all this guilt upon my conscience! Beat me, trample on me, curse me! Or, if it is still true that you love me, after all the wrong I have done you, then take me, keep me and do with me

what you will, but do not send me away from you like this!"

More heavy sobs interrupted her.

Speechless, he held her in his arms awhile.

"Do I love you yet?" he cried finally. "Holy Mother of God! Do you think that all my heart's blood has run out through this tiny wound? Do you not feel it hammering away there in my breast, as if it would come out to you? If you say this only to tempt me, or because you pity me, then go and I will forget this also. You must not think that you owe me anything, because you know what I suffer for you."

"No," she said resolutely, looking up from his shoulder into his face with wet, compassionate eyes. "I love you, and to tell the whole truth I have feared it for a long time and have fought against it. Now, I will be different, for I can no longer bear not to recognize you when you pass me on the street. Now I will even kiss you," she said, "so that whenever you may be in doubt, you can say: 'She has kissed me, and Laurella kisses no one except the one she wishes for her husband.'"

She kissed him three times, then released herself and said, "Good night, my dearest one. Go to sleep now and heal your hand, and do not go with me, for I am

afraid of no human being, except yourself."

With these words she darted through the doorway and disappeared in the shadow of the walls. He, however, gazed long through the window out upon the sea, over which all the stars seemed to sway.

The next time the little Padre Curato came out of the confessional in which Laurella had been kneeling a long time, he was smiling quietly to himself.

"Who would have guessed," he was saying to himself, "that God would have taken pity so quickly on this wayward heart? And I was reproaching myself that I had not adjured more severely the demon of obstinacy! But our eyes are too shortsighted for the ways of Heaven! Well, the Lord bless her, and let me live to see the day when Laurella's oldest boy will row me over the sea in his father's stead! Well, well, well, l'Arrabbiata!"

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